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Eng. Poetry vol 27.

A N

O D E

ON THE

D E A T H

Of the Right Honourable

WILLIAM, Earl *COWPER*.

G.R.
BRITISH MUSEUM

A N

O D E

(In the Manner of PINDAR)

ON THE

DEATH

Of the Right Honourable

WILLIAM, Earl COWPER.

By Mr. *PHILIPS.*

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AN

ODE

ON THE

DEATH

Of the Right Honourable

WILLIAM, Earl *COWPER*.

STROPHE, I.

WAKE the *Britiſh* Harp, again,
To a ſad-melodious Strain;
Wake the Harp, whoſe every String,
When HALIFAX reſign'd his Breath,
Accus'd inexorable Death:
For I, once more, muſt in Affliction ſing,
One Song of Sorrow more beſtow;
The Burden of a Heart o'ercharg'd with Woe.
Yet, O my Soul, if aught may bring Relief,
Full-Many, grieving, ſhall applaud Thy Grief;
The pious Verſe, that COWPER does deplore,
Whom all the boaſted Powers of Verſe can not reſtore;

ANTISTROPHE, I.

Not to Her, his fondeſt Care,
Not to his lov'd Offspring fair,
Nor his Countrey ever dear:
From Her, from Them, from *Britain* torn,
With Her, with Them, does *Britain* mourn:
His Name, from every Eye, calls forth a Tear;
And, intermingling Sighs with Praiſe,
All good Men wiſh, the Number of his Days
Had been to Him twice told, and twice again,
In That ſeal'd Book, where all Things, that pertain
To mortal Man, what-ever Things befall,
Are from Eternity confirm'd, beyond Recall:

EPODE, I.

Where every Loſs, and every Gain,
Where every Grief, and every Joy,
Every Pleaſure, every Pain,
Each bitter and each ſweet Alloy,
To Us uncertain though they flow,
Are pre-ordain'd, and fix'd, above.
Too wretched State! did Man foreknow
Thoſe Ills, which Man can not remove:
Vain is Wiſdom for preventing
What the Wiſeſt live lamenting.

STROPHE,

STROPHE, II.

Hither ſent, Who knows the day
When he ſhall be call'd away?
Various is the Term, aſſign'd:
An Hour, a Day, ſome Months, or Years,
The breathing Soul on Earth appears.
But, through the ſwift Succeſſion of Mankind,
Swarm after Swarm! a buſy Race,
The Strength of Cities, or of Courts the Grace,
Or who in Camps delight, or who abide
Diffus'd o'er Lands, or float on Oceans wide;
Of them, though Many here long-lingring dwell,
And ſee their Children's Children; yet, how Few excell!

ANTISTROPHE, II.

Here we come, and Hence we go,
Shadows paſſing to and fro;
Seen a while, forgotten ſoon:
But Thou, to fair Diſtinction born,
Thou COWPER, beamy in the Morn
Of Life, ſtill brightening to the Pitch of Noon,
Scarce verging to the Steep Decline,
Hence ſummon'd while thy Vertues radiant ſhine;
Thou ſingled out, the Foſterling of Fame,
Secure of Praiſe, nor leſs ſecur'd from Blame,
Shalt be remember'd with a fond Applauſe,
So long as *Britons* own the ſame indulgent Laws,

EPODE,

EPODE, II.

United in One publick Weal,
Rejoicing in One Freedom, all:
COWPER's Hand apply'd the Seal,
And level'd the Partition-Wall.
The choſen Seeds of great Events
Are thinly ſown, and ſlowly riſe:
And *Time* the Harveſt-Scythe preſents,
In Seaſon, to the Good and Wiſe.
Hymning to the Harp my Story,
Fain would I record his Glory,

STROPHE, III.

Pouring forth, with heavy Heart,
Truth unleaven'd, pure of Art;
Like the hallow'd *Bards* of Yore,
Who chaunted in authentick Rhymes
The Worthies of the good-old Times,
Ere living Vice in Verſe was varniſh'd o'er,
And Vertue died without a Song.
Support of friendleſs Right, to powerful Wrong
A Check, behold him in the Judgment Seat!
Twice, there, approv'd; in Righteouſneſs compleat:
In juſt Awards, how gracious! Tempering Law
With Mercy, and reproving with a winning Awe!

ANTISTROPHE, III.

Hear him ſpeaking; and you hear
Reaſon tuneful to the Ear!
Lips, with thymy Language ſweet,
Diſtilling on the Hearer's Mind
The Balm of Wiſdom, Speech refin'd,
Celeſtial Gifts! — Oh, when the Nobles meet,
When next, thou ſea-ſurrounded Land,
Thy Nobles meet at BRUNSWICK's high Command,
In vain they ſhall the Charmer's Voice deſire!
In vain thoſe Lips of Eloquence require;
That mild Conviction, which the Soul aſſails
By ſoft Alarms, and with a gentle Force prevails!

EPODE, III.

To ſuch Perſwaſion, willing, yields
The liberal Mind, in Freedom train'd;
Freedom, which, in crimſon'd Fields,
By hardy Toil our Fathers gain'd;
Inheritance of long Deſcent!
The ſacred Pledge, ſo dearly priz'd
By that bleſt Spirit, we lament.
Grief-eaſing Lays, by Grief deviſ'd,
Plaintive Numbers, gently flowing,
Sooth the Sorrows to him owing!

STROPHE, IV.

Early, on his growing Heir
Stamp what Time may not impair;
As he grows, that coming Years,
Or youthful Pleaſures, or the vain
Gigantick Phantom of the Brain
Ambition, breeding monſtrous Hopes and Fears,
Or worthier Cares, to Youth unknown,
Ennobling Manhood, Flower of Life full-blown,
May never wear the Boſom-Image faint.
O, let him prove, what Words but weakly paint,
The living lovely Semblance of his Sire,
A Model to His Son! that Ages may admire

ANTISTROPHE, IV.

Every Vertue, every Grace,
Still renewing in the Race.
Once thy Father's pleaſing Hope,
Thy widow'd Mother's Comfort now,
No fuller Bliſs does Heaven allow,
While we behold yon wide-ſpred azure Cope
With burning Stars thick-luſtred o'er,
Than to enjoy, and to deſerve, a Store
Of treaſur'd Fame by blameleſs Deeds acquir'd,
By All unenvied, and by All deſir'd,
Free-Gift of Men; the Tribute of Good-Will!
Rich in this Patrimony fair, increaſe it ſtill.

EPODE,

EPODE, IV.

The Fulneſs of Content remains
Above the yet-unfathom'd Skies,
Where, triumphant, Gladneſs reigns;
Where Wiſhes ceaſe, and Pleaſures riſe
Beyond all Wiſh: Where bitter Tears
For dying Friends are never ſhed;
Where, ſighing, None deſire paſt Years
Recall'd, or wiſh the future fled.
Mournful Meaſures, O, relieve me!
Sweet Remembrance! ceaſe to grieve me.

STROPHE, V.

He the Robe of Juſtice wore
Sully'd not, as heretofore,
When the Magiſtrate was ſought
With yearly Gifts. Of what Avail
Are guilty Hoards? For, Life is frail;
And, we are judg'd where Favour is not bought.
By Him forewarn'd, Thou frantick Iſle,
How did the Thirſt of Gold thy Sons beguile!
Beneath the ſpecious Ruin, Thouſands groan'd;
By Him, alas, forewarn'd; by Him bemoan'd.
Where ſhall his Like, on Earth, be found? Oh, when
Shall I, once more, behold the moſt belov'd of Men!

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE, V.

Winning Aſpect! Winning Mind!
Soul and Body aptly join'd;
Searching Thought, engaging Wit,
Enabled to inſtruct, or pleaſe,
Uniting Dignity with Eaſe,
By Nature form'd for every Purpoſe fit;
Endearing Excellence! — O, why
Is ſuch Perfection born; and born to die?
Or, do ſuch rare Endowments ſtill ſurvive,
As Plants remov'd to milder Regions thrive
In one eternal Spring? And, We bewail
The parting Soul, new-born to Life that cannot fail;

EPODE, V.

Where ſacred Friendſhip, plighted Love,
Parental Joys, unmixt with Care,
Through perpetual Time improve!
Or, do the deathleſs Bleſſed ſhare
Sublimer Raptures, unreveal'd;
Beyond our weak Conception, pure!
But, while thoſe Glories lie conceal'd,
The Righteous count the Promiſe ſure;
Tryals, to the laſt, enduring;
To the laſt, their Hope ſecuring.

FINIS.